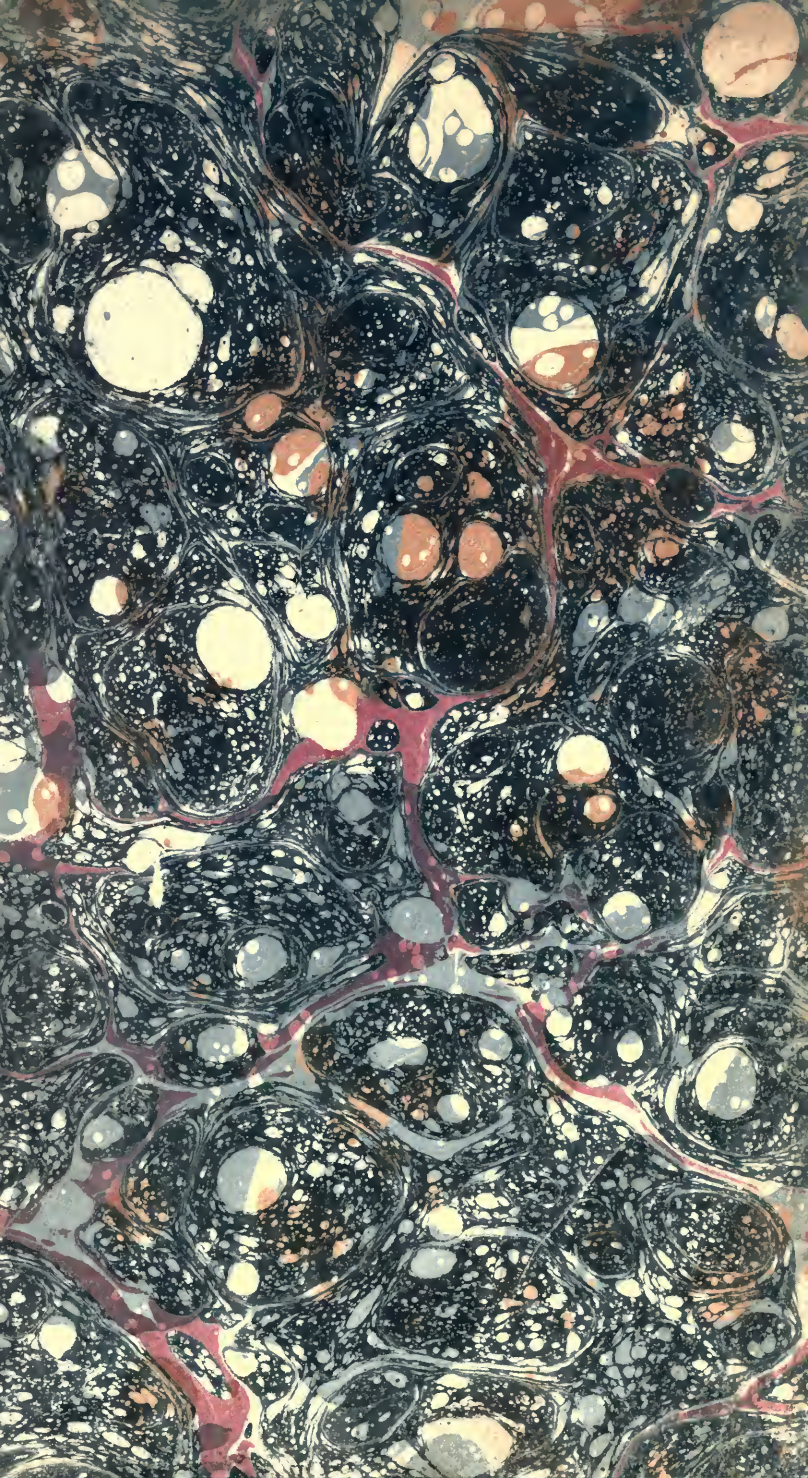






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POEMS,

MORAL & ENTERTAINING,

By a Lady.

———“ Happy to deceive the time,
“ Not waste it ; and aware that human life
“ Is but a loan to be repaid with use.”

COWPER.

DONCASTER :

PRINTED BY W. SHEARDOWN, HIGH-STREET ; AT HIS OFFICE,
HIGH STREET-BUILDINGS.

1808.



PR
3991
A6L143
TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS

ARE, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MUCH OBLIGED, AND

VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHORESS.

824062

ADDRESS TO THE READERS.



From the rich harvest that fair science yields,
To those who cultivate her ample fields,
Poetic reapers cull the mind's repast,
By wit and genius seasoned to each taste :
If, gleaner-like, my muse presumes to bring
Her slender sheaf, and fancy's wild notes sing ;
She not for praise, but for indulgence pleads,
When her untutored page the critic reads.

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Poems.

LINES

ON THE LATE

HENRY MOYES, M. D.

Who died December 8th, 1807, at Doncaster, during the period he had assigned for the delivery of a popular course of Lectures on the Philosophy of Natural History, at the Town-Hall, of that place.

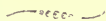


AND art thou lost to this terrestrial sphere,
O'er whose phenomena truth's glorious light
By thy impressive eloquence was shed ?
What genius rare shall now irradiate
The mystic paths of nature, unexplored,
Save by the few (if such remain) like thee.
Thy soul, abstracted from each lower theme,
Could wisdom's intellectual bliss prefer,
Sublimely harmonized to taste its charms,
Which thy persuasive and regretted voice
Can now but to afflicted memory teach.
The tear, which mingled with applause, would start
To hear thee eulogize creation's frame,
Grief now demands to drop it on thy grave ;

Sad tribute from each feeling bosom due !
 Wont to anticipate increased delight
 From some unfolded wonder's latent gem,
 Reserved to beam on the inquiring mind.
 Transient indulgence, fated to inspire
 Lasting regret it ever was enjoyed.
 For who that heard thy scientific lore
 Developing this vast terraqueous globe,
 Its general system, its component parts,
 Its figure, motion, magnitude, and laws,
 Duly proportionate in land and seas ;
 Who, but with glowing heart devoutly felt
 Their admiration at the novel scene
 Swell into reverence of the Deity ?
 Through untracked Ether's measureless ascent,
 How did thy heaven-enlightened spirit soar
 To range where viewless atmosphere presides
 Ere thou wert called its ambient bounds to pass ;
 Its changeful temperature thou couldst define ;
 Whether in calm serenity it smiled,
 Or, rent with fearful peals, its troubled mien
 Danted the terrors of electric fire.
 Alike on every chord thy skilful hand

Attuned the praise of nature's beauteous works,
 So various, astonishing, and grand.
 Our finer faculties, by turns entranced,
 Still yielded to some captivating spell
 The magic of thy lips had power to bind ;
 While tenderest sympathy's affecting claim
 Yet nearer drew the hearts, that magic won,
 When we beheld thy interesting form,
 Bereft of the inestimable gift
 Omniscient providence from thee withheld ;
 " And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."
 Though thou hadst left no radiant path unsought,
 Where mental vision could to knowledge guide.
 ——Lamented Sage !—May thy exalted soul
 Now feel, in realms of light ineffable,
 A blest release from intervening cares,
 With which mortality essayed to veil,
 Or check the impulse of its "spark divine ;"
 And in that happier and unchanging scene,
 May its emancipated essence glow
 With all the fervor of seraphic joy !

ON A SLEEPING INFANT.



DEAR object of my fondest care,
As yet with innocency blest ;
Would fate indulge a mother's prayer,
Thus guiltless shouldst thou ever rest.

No sickness should thy couch invade,
No sorrow on thy bosom prey ;
But each revolving evening's shade,
Thus calmly close a happy day.

In mirthful sports, thy tender years,
Should gaiety and strength acquire :
And thoughtless, or of hopes or fears,
Enjoy each juvenile desire.

And when emerged from childhood's dawn,
Thy reason sheds a stronger light ;
Still should precaution's veil be drawn,
O'er all that could thy prospects blight

In safety's path thy steps should tread,
 No "vicious influence" thee intral;
 Around thy heaven-protected head,
 Misfortune's shaft should lightly fall.

But launched on life's uncertain tide,
 Far different may thy portion be;
 From what affection would provide,
 And that ordained by destiny!

For oh! my child, 'tis not my will,
 That can thy future lot prepare;
 I know thee doomed of human ill,
 To feel thy melancholy share.

Nor can my anxious wish prevent,
 One sorrow that must thee befall;
 This boding heart can but lament,
 That sufferings are decreed to all.

That all are subject to their rule,
 Fain would my tenderness conceal;
 But that "this world is misery's school,"
 Experience may too soon reveal.

Accept then of my guiding hand,
Till life be better understood ;
And reverence the mild command,
Which but enjoins thee to be good.

In early youth to store thy mind,
To guard and fortify thy heart ;
That thou through every task assigned,
Mayst firmly act an honest part.

So shalt thou stand the test of truth,
Thy conscience an unsullied page ;
Virtue shall blossom in thy youth,
And honour dignify thy age.

And when by thy last sleep o'ercome,
May all thy frailties be forgiven ;
Blessings be showered upon thy tomb,
And thou rejoicing wake in heaven !

THE STARVED SPARROW.



POOR slighted bird ! on yonder leafless bough,
 'Twas vain to twitter thy unheeded call ;
 Or, half benumbed, explore the glittering snow,
 In hopes the crumb of charity might fall.

For no such mite, was scattered to allure
 Thy shivering wing one social dwelling near :
 But chased aloof, at hazard to procure,
 The frozen refuse of the withered year.

With the gay finches or sweet nightingale,
 In melody or plumage hadst thou vied,
 Though winter's blast spread famine through the
 vale,
 Thou hadst not in that blast or famine died.

Enticed to seek in many a warm abode,
 A kind asylum for thy fragile form ;
 Each ready hand its succour had bestowed,
 That left thee now to perish in the storm.

For penury, ungraced with other claim,
Comprised the simple story of thy grief;
A common sparrow was thy humble name,
And none could feel that such deserved relief.

Poor slighted bird! like thee, in want, unknown,
Some friendless heart may wail its bitter lot;
With secret pangs, disclosed to Him alone,
By whom “not e’en a sparrow is forgot.”

COMPARISON

FROM

“AS YOU LIKE IT.”

“THUS MISERY DOTHS PART THE FLUX OF COMPANY.”



OH ! apt remark, alas ! how keenly felt
 By him, who, like the “poor sequestered stag,”
 Struck by misfortune’s aim, becomes at once
 Alike the prey of anguish and of scorn.
 Few charitably venture to suppose
 The blow unmerited, or too severe ;
 Though few can stand self-known and self-
 approved :
 For human weakness tempers human clay.—
 Yet if they on “the broken bankrupt” look,
 ’Tis to exult in their superior lot ;
 Then with a pity that degrades, withdraw.

Forgetful there had been perchance a time,
 When the sad heart, so coldly now disclaimed,
 Had lent a sympathy denied itself,
 To ease the pressure of their lightest care ;
 Had kindly wept at sorrows not its own,
 Nor feared contagion from the woes it mourned.
 " Left, and abandoned, by his velvet friends,"
 The hapless animal no shelter finds :
 And where shall the distress for comfort sue ?
 How similar a fate awaits them both !
 E'en ties of kindred often prove too weak
 To bind up interests, fortune disunites :
 And frigid counsel is their richest boon.
 At Friendship's gate, should all the smiling train
 Of gentle intercourse, or service past,
 Once dear, and welcomed with a fond return,
 Now plead admittance for a grief-worn guest,
 The icy barrier of ingratitude
 Might close the entrance to an altered heart :
 And stern neglect enforce the painful truth,
 That " misery doth part the flux of company,"
 And its chill touch dissever friendship's tie.
 'Tis but the noble minded who record

In lasting characters its sacred name ;
They feel compassion is a virtuous grief,
Whose tears embellish more than beauty's smile :
Which, while they heal the lacerated breast,
Inspire its prayer (approving heaven receives)
To bless the generous source from whence they
 flow.

THE FAREWEL.



'TIS past, the dread moment to anguish devoted,
 It chilled my sad heart like a death-sounding
 knell;

When she, on whose image that heart fondly doated,
 Exchanged a last look, and a tender farewel.

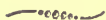
How vainly I wished, thus divided forever,
 (Like the mariner destined a wreck to deplore)
 That severely indulgent remembrance might
 never,
 The form of its loved and lost object restore.

Oh why should I cherish the fleeting impression,
 Since painfully sure it must now be my all;
 Though reason bids soar above languid depression,
 And strive to efface what it cannot recal.

Are these the resolves of unchanging affection?

No, rather thy image shall absence beguile ;
And thou too, perhaps, mayst with soft recollection,
Bestow on my sorrows a pitying smile.

LAURA.



PENSIVE droops each humid flower,
 Closed by evening's chilly dew,
Till the morn's reviving power
 Smiles on their unfolding hues :
Then in brighter lustre glowing,
 Nature drops her dewy veil ;
Then each lavished grace bestowing,
 Doubly scents the fragrant gale.

But when darkening clouds of sorrow,
 O'er youth's sunshine spreads a gloom ;
Never shall arise a morrow,
 To revive its faded bloom.
Will the opening bud spring fresher,
 Storm struck from its verdant stem ?
Can the heart resist grief's pressure,
 Rifled of its dearest gem ?

Such the bud of maidens fairest,
 Once could Laura's village own ;
 Such the gem, to her the dearest,
 Then her favored Edwin shone.
 But in vain love's soft attraction,
 In their youthful bosoms grew ;
 She deplored, in wild distraction,
 Him whom civil discord slew.

'Twas while drifted snows descending,
 O'er the withered landscape spread ;
 Lightly with the rude thatch blending,
 Tufted every peasant's shed.
 Industry from toil reposing,
 Now enjoyed the social chat ;
 Round their chearful fires closing,
 Many a village circle sat.

Hapless Laura, wildly straying,
 Heeded not the nipping blast ;
 Carelessly the mirth surveying
 Of each cottage as she past :
 Madness held her powers of reason,
 In its fierce and cruel spell ;
 She regarded time nor season,
 She had bade the world farewell !

'Twas to seek a buried lover,
 At his grave to weep unseen ;
 Sigh, and wish one sod might cover,
 All that once had fairest been.
 She had wandered far and weary,
 Edwin's green grass turf to find ;
 Now, to meet a scene so dreary,
 Startled her disordered mind.

Thoughts of woe her bosom crowded,
 Why wore earth that pallid hue ?
 Was it like her Edwin shrouded,
 Whom no spring could e'er renew ?
 Was it nature's gentle token,
 Of his pure and faithful heart ?
 He, who died with vows unbroken,
 He, who felt it death to part.

Anguish, faintly now reviving
 Memory's half extinguished ray,
 Whisper'd " were thy Edwin living,
 This had been our bridal day."
 (Horror chilled) she cried " I'll meet thee,"
 Sinking on the snow she prest ;
 Soon I feel, will Edwin greet me,
 In the mansions of the blest.

'Tis to peace that death invites us,
 Laura would not life implore ;
Since the fate that here unites us,
 Never can divide us more.

TO A LADY

FOND OF FREQUENTING THE SEA SHORE.



WHY, beside the wavy ocean,
Does fair Angelina stray ?
List its murmurs, watch its motion,
Since it bore her Love away.

Let not thought of present sorrow,
Hope, from her soft bosom steal ;
View it like the briny furrow,
Closing trackless from the keel.

Does yon ebbing tide, receding,
Paint the parting scene anew ;
Think (some happier hour succeeding)
His return will be as true.

Dost thou dread the tempest lowering,
Shrink before the freshening gale ;
Doubt not love, his heart empowering,
O'er their terrors will prevail.

Love shall teach him scorn of danger,
Turn his anxious thoughts on thee ;
Which to all but love a stranger,
Fondly there shall anchored be.

Banish then, each sad reflection,
While thus wandering on the shore ;
Trust, sweet maid, such tried affection,
Flowing once, can ebb no more.

ON A CHILD'S PICTURE.



MATERNAL tenderness delights to trace
In this soft semblance of thy form and face,
Each much loved feature treasured in my breast,
By nature's hand indelibly imprest.
If such delight the pencil can bestow,
Which gave thy outward traits the vivid glow ;
That shall recal thee to my anxious eyes,
When time and distance must between us rise ;
How should I gaze, with rapture more refined,
On the still dearer portrait of thy mind ;
By virtue's touch, in innocence arrayed,
And bright with colours that can never fade.
There, strongly marked, may every grace appear,
To honour sacred, and to feeling dear :
The smile of pleasure, when another's blest,
The tear of pity for a foe distress'd ;

The liberal thought, the elevated soul,
Whose noble firmness animates the whole ;
While winning sweetness, envy to disarm,
Sheds a mild tint o'er each endearing charm.
And should the blossom of thy early day,
Attain, through years matured, life's setting ray ;
May every scene of its vicissitude
Approve thee virtuous, and confirm thee good.
And retrospection, when those scenes are flown,
Present a picture thou canst dare to own.

TO MEMORY.



OH Memory ! living mirror of the mind,
 How oft beneath this cool sequestered shade,
 When young-eyed mirth and cheerfulness
 combined,
 Have I enjoyed thy retrospective aid.

To me, no more that aid can comfort bring,
 As through this grove with solemn step I tread;
 For here each spray, each idly simple thing,
 Recals the faded features of the dead.

OH, my Maria ! soother of each woe,
 Awhile I fancy that thou still art near ;
 But ah, how soon is fancy's transient glow
 Dimmed with the moisture of reflection's tear.
 Yet Memory, some painful solace gives,
 By thee, Maria dies, by thee she ever lives.

ALFRED AND CONSTANTIA.



TWILIGHT shadows faintly gleaming,
O'er the cliff's stupendous brow ;
From its base the dashed foam streaming,
Whitened the expanse below.

With anxious step, the hour beguiling,
Hither fair Constantia strayed ;
Watched the sea beat vessels toiling,
By the beacon's friendly aid.

Oh ! may heaven avert their dangers,
Fervently the maiden sighed ;
As Constantia feels for strangers,
Deign to be her Alfred's guide.

Was in vain his promise given,
That the needle turned less true :
Has my love been tempest driven,
And pronounced his last adieu ?

Let not fancied fears oppress thee,
Sounded in her startled ear ;
Constancy and love shall bless thee,
Ever to thy Alfred dear.

As thine eyes with soft dejection,
Gazed upon the uncertain flood ;
Well my answering heart's affection,
Their sweet language understood.

Eagerly my wishes measure,
Every yet dividing wave,
That withheld the dearest treasure
Mutual transport ever gave.

Yield then to the fond emotion,
Bid love spread his silken sail ;
Gently waft us o'er life's ocean,
Fanned by pleasure's constant gale.

THE FLY'S REMONSTRANCE.



CAN Sylvia barbarously try,
 To catch a simple vagrant Fly,
 Within her paper lure ?
 Ah! gentle maid, thyself beware,
 Lest thou, from soft persuasion's snare,
 Mayst, too, be insecure.

Why from thy dainties are we chased ?
 It is but little we can taste,
 Nor do we covet more :
 Too soon our early race is run,
 We frolic but a morning's sun,
 Then all our wiles are o'er.

While pent within our crinkled cage,
 With piteous hummings we'll assuage,
 The wrath we dared to raise ;
 So may compassion teach thy breast,
 That liberty is pleasure's zest,
 Nor ought its loss repays.

But, if unheeded are our cries,
Remember like unwary Flies,
 A nymph may be deceived :
We hovered round the fraudulent toy,
Nor thought its sweets could ever cloy,
 And what we wished, believed.

Till flagging wings, and tangled feet,
Exposed the dangerous deceit,
 And warned us of our fate—
That fate a useful hint may give,
How none can unendangered live,
 Who taste temptation's bait.

ON THE

DEATH OF AN AMIABLE CHILD

SCARCELY TWO YEARS OLD.

“Suffer little children to come unto me, &c.”—ST. MARK, 10. v. 14.

FAVORED of Heaven, so soon reclaimed,
 By Him who gave thee breath ;
 How lovely was thy transient life,
 How innocent thy death !

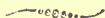
No fatal pangs thy bosom wrung,
 With sorrow for the past ;
 The smile, that dimpled on thy cheek,
 May now for ever last.

For thou, of neither sin, nor grief,
 The trials canst endure ;
 A Saviour's blessing has pronounced
 Thy happiness secure.

ON FINDING A WITHERED BUD

UPON A

FAVORITE ROSE TREE.



PRIDE of that favorite bush my fancy chose,
As the sweet promise of its fairest rose !
How art thou changed, though my assiduous toil,
From each encroaching weed preserved thy soil ;
Would pleased observe, thy infant folds assume
The gradual blush, the delicate perfume ;
The glittering insect's hasty wing would chase,
And prune thy leaf from all their embryo race.
Yet, ere maturer sweets my hopes repaid,
Those hopes are vanished and those sweets decayed.
Haply a prey to some un pitying storm,
Perchance a banquet to the lurking worm,
That inly cankered what appeared so fair,
To mock my wishes and defeat my care.
Ah ! could a wish revive that fragrant scent,
Those lovely tints, indulgent nature lent,

How soon those faded beauties should return,
Which once I cherished, now can only mourn :
Can only to a faithless world compare,
Whose smiles betray, whose promises ensnare ;
Or to that fragile, that precarious thread,
Which yet withholds me from the silent dead.
Should we then trust that world's delusive power,
On youth depend, less certain than a flower ?
Alas ! let such as have presumed to try,
From sad experience dictate the reply—
“ Lean not on earth, it is a broken reed,
“ Nay oft a spear whereon our peace must bleed.”
There is a hope, that never can deceive,
There is a promise, we may dare believe ;
That such as trust in “ Him who cannot lie,”
Though born to suffer, and decreed to die,
May feel support beneath affliction's weight,
May look beyond this transitory state,
Where the too ardent, in their frail pursuit,
Expect from blossoms, ample store of fruit ;
Till dissappointed, they lament to see,
A “ Withered Bud” upon their favorite tree.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A

PRAYER BOOK.



OMNISCIENT Judge of every heart,
Oh ! cleanse the thoughts of mine ;
When in these prayers I bear a part,
Or in thy praises join.

Alas ! what have I dared to say,
May “dust and ashes” raise
Its voice, within thy courts to pray,
Or utter forth thy praise ?

Yet in thy gospel, Lord, I learn,
That through redeeming grace,
The humbled prodigal’s return,
Will meet a fond embrace.

Thus guilty, and thus humbled, Lord,
Thy mercy I implore,
To heal me by thy pardoning word,
That bids us “Sin no more.”

THE PASSING BELL.

"I have a message from God unto thee."—JUDGES 3, v. 20.

THAT toll funereal, with appalling sound,
Proclaims some fellow mortal has received
A last momentous "Message from his God,"
Which of its hearers next may be addressed,
None are permitted to foresee, but all
Intuitively feel it must be sent :
From whom, for what, the "high behest" will come,
Demands no casual thought, no light reply.
If to recal the "faithful servant" home,
In his Lord's joy forever to partake,
Or seal the doom of disobedient sloth ;
And dash from expectation's towering height,
In the exulting crisis of success,
The schemes of folly, or the plots of guilt.
Life is a talent vested as in charge,
Intrusted, not ensured, to the possessor :
Has little been committed to our care,

And in that little we are faithful found,
'Twill meet acceptance like the widow's mite,
And be with tenfold recompence repaid.
But oh ! let each remember the decree,
“ Where much is given, much will be required.”
Have such impoverished or improved their trust,
Presumed their Lord his coming has delayed,
While “ slow to anger ” he forbore to strike ;
Or watched with holy zeal, lest unawares,
The warning sounded in a brother's knell,
Note their own audit at the throne of heaven ;
And Death, like the commissioned prophet, bear
An unexpected “ Message from their God.”

ON A

SUN DIAL

OVER A CHURCH PORCH.



THOUGHTLESS mortal, hither turn !
 Life's important lesson learn ;
 As with the declining sun
 I, my silent task have done,
 Thou hast but a space to shine,
 Make it useful while 'tis thine.
 Enter oft this sacred dome !
 (Type of an eternal home)
 Here, thou mayst the knowledge gain,
 How those treasures to obtain,
 Which nor "Rust nor Moth" destroy,
 Source of everlasting joy.
 Has thy sun but 'gan to rise ?
 Be thou early good, and wise,
 Ere temptation clouds thy way ;
 Danger lurks beneath delay.

But if thou hast to lament,
Closing day, as yet mispent ;
Seize its last allotted ray,
Lest the fading glimpse decay :
Haply lent thee to discern
Duty's path, and yet return.
Look, with reverence, as each tread,
Here reverberates o'er the dead ;'
Look on each surrounding stone,
Sure presagers of thine own ;
Nor the awful warning slight,
Till surprized by hopeless night.

A MOONLIGHT SOLILOQUY.



HAIL! beauteous orb! to me more pleasing far,
 Than the effulgent blaze of splendid noon :
 How oft transported have I loved to gaze,
 With pious rapture, on thy softened beams,
 Mildly propitious to eve's pensive hour.
 When sober thought invites us to retreat
 From the world's chaos, to the heart's recess,
 There, urging by self-intercourse, to weigh
 The useful scrutiny, too seldom made,
 Of errors, how repented or repaired ;
 Of duties, how performed to God or Man.
 While busy memory's retrospective glance
 Unbiassed, numbers thus, transactions past !
 Divested of its gloss, deception's mask
 Falls, disenchanted by the hand of truth :
 And wisest he, who draws from such review

The wholesome moral, or the sage resolve.
 Tinged with the faded hue of shadowing years,
 Some mourned events, still recent to our grief,
 May rise in sad succession, still to claim
 The tender tribute of affection's sigh !
 Sacred to ties dissolved, yet ever dear,
 That bound us once to those we now deplore :
 While all that ever charmed or fixed the heart,
 Mingling its lighter colours with the gloom,
 In fancy's lustre gilds lost social scenes ;
 And in imagination makes us blest
 With all that time had ravaged in its course.
 If thus reflection, stealing o'er the mind,
 (Like night's envelope o'er a dormant world)
 Absorbs its faculties within the bounds,
 That time can limit to its active scope—
 Yon spangled concave, and its radiant queen,
 The glorious work of Him they shine to praise ;
 May well awaken musings more sublime,
 To soar beyond e'en their celestial sphere.
 For can indifference raise a careless eye
 Toward the Firmament's now tempered glow ;
 Nor from its lustre catch one spark devout,

To kindle adoration's hallowed flame,
And guide its grateful homage to that power ;
Whose word created, and whose will sustains,
The countless planets in their destined course.
Who shall presume to question his decrees ?
Or brave Omnipotence with impious doubt,
If, these bright orbs, by his permission shine :
Or earth was fertilized at his command.
What vengeance must be stored for the false hand
That writes on infidelity's black scroll ?
The Atheist's motto "All was wrought by chance."
Sure 'tis at this calm hour of reason's reign,
The soul attuned to piety and love,
Shrinks with redoubled horror from a crime
That thus insults a gracious Maker's name,
And violates the fealty, justly due
To Him, whose majesty pervades the whole.
A certainty, undreaded by the good,
Who own in every place his welcome sway :
Yet oft retire to commune with themselves,
And o'er lamented frailties, there to breathe,
Unseen of men, the heart-felt, humble prayer,
(Contrition's incense) to offended heaven.

Oh ! may the Being whom such prayers address,
Accept the offering, and diffuse the dew
Of answering blessings on the suppliant's head :
Till, through the night of life, protected safe,
Mercy's benignant light shall guide his path
To the resplendent realms of "perfect day."

THE ADMONITION.



MILD was the breeze, and bright the morn,
That tempted Anna from repose,
To seek, where couched beneath the thorn,
The lowly violet fragrant blows.

Simplicity, with artless charm,
And innocence, with winning grace,
Dwelt in her bosom free from harm,
And flushed the beauties of her face.

Where'er the peeping buds betrayed
The purple treasure hid below ;
With eager hand the busy maid,
Would her more earnest search bestow.

Unconscious she, that in the brake,
That sheltered such a lovely flower ;
Some reptile might its refuge take,
Of hideous form, and noxious power.

While in her pleasing task employed,
 A wily adder reared its head ;
 By Anna's gentle touch annoyed,
 And terrified, the maiden fled.

A passing stranger, with a smile,
 Said "fear not, I'll thy guardian be ;
 "On this green bank repose awhile,
 "And listen while I counsel thee.

"Look on the furrows of this brow,
 "These silver hairs now thinly shade :
 "'Tis all that lengthened years bestow,
 "While wisdom's beauty cannot fade.

"Blush not its precepts to be told,
 "Nor slight the virtues of the heart ;
 "Though nature in her fairest mould,
 "Has polished thee with nicest art.

"When pleasure tempts with semblance fair,
 "Thy inexperienced foot to stray ;
 "Let modest caution first prepare,
 "And honor's lamp illumine thy way.

- “ Lest (as beneath that tufted bed,
 “ You deemed all verdure and perfume,)
“ Some treacherous hand should venom shed,
 “ Some flatterer, friendship’s form assume.
- “ The flowers culled from virtue’s stem,
 “ Alone the brow of peace can bind ;
“ And lasting pleasure is a gem,
 “ The truly wise can only find.
- “ If other happiness you seek,
 “ Full many a pang will intervene
“ To blight the roses of the cheek,
 “ To point the thorn that wounds unseen.
- “ Yet, not unkindly, would I chide,
 “ Let cheerful youth enjoyment claim ;
“ But ere you in its choice decide,
 “ Think on Experience,—’tis my name.”

TO A YOUNG LADY

WITH A

PAINTED FLOWER PIECE.



IN painting these flowers, I wished to endue,
 Their semblance, with properties worthy of you ;
 Not a leaf or a blossom, here mimicked by art,
 But imprest some allusion to you on my heart :
 Oh ! had I the gift of imparting to each,
 The language of friendship, and power of speech,
 They should severally whisper what passed in my
 mind,
 As my pencil their various colours combined,
 From the roses you'd learn, how I thought on your
 bloom,
 And your virtues compared to their lasting
 perfume ;

While the thorns that encircle, (since thorns there
must be,)

I touched with a wish they might never wound
thee.

The lovely narcissus, whose elegant grace,
In fancy, contrasted your form with your face,
Recalled in idea what poets relate,
And I smiled to believe it could ne'er be thy fate ;
Who, without affectation, unconsciously please,
By diffident merit, and dignified ease.

The tulip, carnation, and all the gay troop,
That enamel the garland of Flora, en groupe,
Leave the taste undecided which rival to chuse,
As your charms must delight, yet embarrass the
muse ;

Who, with tender emotion, your virtues inspire,
Feels in doubt whether most to approve or admire.
And while she the pleasing comparison drew,
From the beauties of nature reflected in you,
Every leaf in its softer apparel of green,
That shaded their lustre, yet heightened the scene,
Appeared a mild emblem, that gifts of the heart,
Can additional value to beauty impart ;

Which modestly useful, attractions bestow,
That endear, while they polish the breast where
they grow :

And long may thy bosom these ornaments wear,
Be inwardly spotless, as outwardly fair ;
That while admiration your charms shall commend,
Esteem, with affection, its tribute may blend.

TO A STRAY CANARY.



TIMID stranger, here repose,
Do not at thy chance repine ;
Fain I would relieve thy woes,
Cherish thee, but not confine.

Thou art young and delicate,
Wherefore wander thus alone ?
Dost thou seek a tender mate,
Hast thou from a tyrant flown ?

Be thine errand what it will,
Stop to prune thy ruffled wing ;
Peck a crumb, and dip thy bill,
Fearless feed, and careless sing.

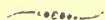
Beats thy heart with fond regret,
Can it doubt my proffered love ?
Let the welcome thou hast met,
Earnest of my friendship prove.

Safe in my protection live,
 Whither wouldst thou houseless fly ?
Scant the food that hedges give,
 Bleak the shelter of the sky !

If with me thou wilt remain,
 Thou shalt my companion be ;
Gilded cage shall ne'er restrain
 Native love of liberty.

ON THE

LAST DAY OF THE OLD YEAR.



FOR a friend, whose affectionate zeal,
Has our every comfort supplied,
Should the heart such indifference feel,
As for one who has never been tried ?

This simile fancy has drawn,
’Twixt the year I so safely have past,
And that, which to-morrow will dawn,
Which for me may, perhaps be the last.

It flatters in promise alone,
Its brightest of prospects may fail,
Resembling a bud yet unblown,
Whose fragrance may never exhale.

The former, grown withered and bare,
No more can its seasons renew ;
Yet while its last moments I share,
I'll bid it a grateful adieu.

Though its blessings no longer are mine,
Past kindnesses still should be dear ;
Ah ! let others then bow at the shrine,
And welcome the new rising year.

ON A

BLANK IN THE LOTTERY.



IN the wheel of mere chance, common hazard I ran,
Indifferently chusing my lot ;
And when adverse fortune presented a blank,
The loss, little felt, was forgot.

But oh ! in how different a lottery my heart,
(By hope's fairy promise allured,)
Once fondly imagined the ticket it drew,
Had the prize of its wishes ensured.

Till wounded affection condemned me to feel,
What inscrutable anguish may rise,
From a wish, though obtained, when it leaves us to
weep
O'er the blank we had fancied a prize.

THE ANT HILL.

“Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.”—PROV:

CEASE not, ye little busy tribe,
Your provident employ ;
Your precepts would I fain imbibe,
But not your works destroy.

Has simple instinct's power endued,
An insect so minute,
With prescience of a future good,
To urge its wise pursuit ?

Industrious monitors of sloth !
Who bid the sluggard rise ;
Can Reason's children be more loth,
To seek a higher prize ?

Ye labour for a single grain,
 Of perishable store ;
 A short existence to sustain,
 And ye can want no more.

But not confined to Earth alone,
 The harvest we must keep ;
 For what the hand of time has sown,
 Eternity will reap.

If we have gathered chaff, or grain,
 That searching hour will show ;
 The “ Pearl of price ” we now may gain,
 And only gain it now.

“ A crown that fadeth not away,”
 Our future hopes will bless,
 If we have toiled “ in this our day,”
 For everlasting peace.

Ere then, by dangerous delays,
 'Tis hidden from our eyes,
 “ Go to the Ant, and of her ways,
 Consider and be wise.”

THE TRIUMPH OF HOPE ;

OR,

REFLECTIONS IN A CHURCH YARD.

BRIGHT emanation of a power divine,
 Celestial Hope! with sacred ardor shine ;
 The mortal pilgrim's dubious steps to guide,
 Where error's mist, religion's path would hide.
 Inform his soul, what most imports to know,
 And soothe the victim of desponding woe :
 Lost in the shades of grief's involving night,
 Save for the radiance of thy holy light.

Here, as we wander with appalling dread,
 Amid the numerous records of the dead ;
 The saddened heart to pensive thought inclines,
 While musing o'er the melancholy lines,
 Inscribed (such mournful musings to engage)
 To shew, where blighted youth and withered age,

Alike consigned to undistinguished dust,
 Claim the green hillock, or the sculptured bust :
 By tenderness, or ostentation raised,
 To grandeur flattered, or to merit praised.

Existence shudders, and this world appears
 A painful passage through a "vale of tears ;"
 Where doubts, and fears, alternate empire crave,
 Till all our views are bounded by the grave.
 If such its end, can ought in human life
 Deserve our envy, or inflame our strife ?
 Alas ! what matters, whether your's or mine,
 We call some bawble, we must both resign.
 Why struggle to support the short-lived claim ?
 Why grudge the air-blown triumph of a name ?
 When some few paces of the earth we tread,
 May mark the spot where all its honours fled.
 'Tis the sad heritage the fates prepare,
 For all who shall be, and for all who are ;
 But the mysterious when, or where, or how,
 Kindly concealed, we dare not wish to know :
 Our only certainty that life must tend,
 By means unnumbered to this common end.

Some early rescued from impending woes,
 Have scarce discerned life's entrance, from its
 close :

The cherub innocence protects their sleep,
 And sad survivors envy while they weep.

Some, in their prime, to death a hasty prey,
 Or sunk the languid victims of decay :
 Others, transfixed by sorrow's keenest dart,
 Long bore the anguish of a breaking heart ;
 The sun but rose to renovate their grief,
 Whose couch, with tears bedewed, denied relief.
 These, like the patriarch, " few and evil" found
 The joyless steps of life's insipid round ;
 And wished, and gladly welcomed the release,
 That bade their sorrows and their sufferings cease :
 Then haply, they those long-felt sorrows blest,
 That weaned their souls to seek a better rest.

Those, who life's thinly-scattered sweets enjoy,
 If not unmixed, at least with less alloy,
 When called this gloomy, final path to tread,
 Shrink from the summons with regret and dread :

Still grasping at life's shadows as they fly,
And scarce believing man was born to die,
With trembling look, toward the future cast,
Reluctance hovers o'er the pleasing past;
Still, "where their treasure is," their hearts remain,
Loth to resign, unable to retain ;
Yet to their fruitless wish could life be spared,
Unnumbered years would find them unprepared.
Ah ! wherefore thus, so wilfully forget,
That all must pay this great uncanceled debt,
That birth, is but a passport to the urn,
For "dust we are, and shall to dust return."
The period stated, though to us unknown,
Perhaps our latest sun is hastening down ;
And could an added moment's space retrieve
Our life's long error, fate has none to give.
Such is its stern immutable decree,
That yields to no entreaty, prayer, or plea ;
Nor can we murmur if it then denies,
The lavished blessing we had failed to prize.

Mark the fleet era of life's longest date,
And the frail tenure of its happiest state ;

Not swifter does the arrow cleave the air,
Not slighter is the texture of a hair ;
Nought can the hasty visitant detain,
Yet it ensures eternal loss or gain,
As each recorded minute shall produce
Its trivial purpose, or its serious use ;
Which must to men and angels be exposed,
When e'en the grave no longer shall be closed.
Oh ! who, then to a casual state like this,
Would sink the soul's immortal hope of bliss ?
Indulge no wish beyond time's fleeting hour,
Till death approaches with terrific power.
Large the arrears, and dreadful the arrest,
To the impenitently hardened breast ;
Whose crimes no more can call to their relief,
The impious subterfuge of disbelief.
Fatal defence of their supine neglect
Of truths, all ages taught them to respect ;
Of truths, offended justice will make known,
When slighted mercy shall their cause disown.
Oh ! had our all begun and ended here,
Were weak humanity our only sphere ;
Did no release, no light or life to come,
Await the unconscious tenants of the tomb :

What power, indulgent, spreads the sacred charm;
 That shields the virtuous bosom from alarm;
 Inspires reliance that forbids despair,
 Sustains each trial, and defeats each snare;
 Prompts them with hope, and gratitude to raise,
 The prayer of confidence, or hymn of praise?
 While guilt, by poverty or affluence bred,
 In the gay palace or sequestered shed;
 Wounded by stings, no earthly art can heal.
 (Disgrace to own, yet torture to conceal,)
 Wanders estranged from solace or repose.
 In search of happiness it never knows.
 Why does the secret monitor within,
 Implant with thorns each avenue of sin?
 But, from its precincts, to divert our course,
 And guard us from the horrors of remorse.
 Yet deaf to reason, and religion's voice,
 Shall ruin still become our fatal choice?
 Till self-entangled in temptation's lure,
 We mourn the error when beyond the cure.
 "Fools scorn reproof," and "useful knowledge"
 hate,
 Till all they learn, is being wise too late:

No rock they build on that can storms withstand,
 Their house is founded on the faithless sand ;
 Unsheltered when affliction's tempests beat,
 Its fall is certain, and its ruin great.
 In life unhallowed, and in death forlorn,
 Abandoned to the curse of being born ;
 Happy could such their mouldering mansions
 keep,
 And death indeed were an " eternal sleep."

But, when that awful fiat shall prevail,
 Which from eternity shall rend the veil ;
 When the archangel's voice, from shore to shore,
 Proclaims the mandate " time shall be no more."
 With all the pomp of judgment's fearful day,
 When retribution claims her long delay ;
 Then shall " the prisoners of hope" arise,
 The truly happy, as the only wise ;
 Hail the majestic glories of the sky,
 And " know redemption's promised hour draws
 nigh."

Which the ungodly must despairing see,
 And vainly to " dissolving mountains" flee ;

"Call on the rocks" their guilty shame to hide,
 And in that gracious Saviour once denied ;
 Behold their Judge, confirm his sacred word,
 In the dread sentence threatened on record.
 While those peculiar objects of his care,
 Who made his service their great business here ;
 Whose piety by filial love inspired,
 Believed his promise, and no more desired.
 By that encouraged, humbly to confide,
 In one all gracious and unerring guide ;
 Howe'er dispersed, afflicted, or unknown,
 Now "raised in power," though once "in
 weakness sown,"
 Shall "shine like stars," or as the gold twice tried,"
 And find each promised mercy verified.
 No horrors lowered o'er their closing scene,
 Their lives were hallowed, and their death serene ;
 Their latest breath a hallelujah sang,
 The Hope, they trusted, soothed the parting pang,
 That freed their happy spirits from the dust,
 'To soar triumphant with the ransomed just.
 Oh ! may their influence to earth still reach,
 Their precepts warn us, their example teach ;

While life's probation is in mercy lent,
And sinners still encouraged to repent.

Are mortals then created to aspire,
Where Saints and Angels swell the holy choir ?
Was this precarious state of being, given
To render man "the candidate of heaven ?"
What vast importance stamps the precious charge,
How bright the prospect as our views enlarge !
Scarcely assailed by sorrow or dismay,
To quit this fragile "tenement of clay."
The soul, anticipating heavenly joys,
Regrets not those, which time or death destroys :
And should affliction's bitterest stroke divide
Its dearest bonds, by love or nature tied ;
Such faith, could joy, to think their trial o'er,
Such Hope, repeat "not lost, but gone before."
Gone to a happy and a blest abode,
Though tribulations strewed the narrow road,
Oh ! may that cherished hope each murmur calm,
O'er grief diffuse religion's sacred balm ;
Check the fond tear, repress the rising sigh,
And crosses by submission sanctify.

From ills abounding, and temptations strong,
We suffer much, but cannot suffer long ;
Nor yet in vain, if patiently we bear,
The wise corrections of paternal care ;
Dispensed in just proportions to us all,
To prove, admonish, strengthen, or recal.
From earth to disengage the sanguine heart,
And raise its wishes to “ that better part ;”
Reserved for those, who “ to the end endure,”
To “ make their calling and election sure :”
There sin is banished, weariness finds rest,
There Hope exults in full fruition blest.

ON A FLOATING STRAW.



ADOWN the limpid stream
 I watched a floating straw,
 And from this simple theme,
 A moral seemed to draw ;
 That thus unruffled might life's current glide,
 Though chance should waft a straw upon its tide.

Why need so small a force,
 Its even surface break,
 Or why disturb the course
 That current soon must make ?
 For what avails if conscience keep it clear,
 Whether a mead, or waste, it waters here.

Life's smooth, or rougher way,
 May not be ours to choose ;
 Its tribute, all must pay,
 Its troubles, none refuse.
 And if annoyed by every trivial pain,
 What firmness shall life's real ills sustain ?

The froward, and unkind,
Whom trifles thus offend ;
A frequent foe may find,
But seldom meet a friend :
Unsocial, unregarded, must repine,
For scarce a weed, will round the bramble twine.

With everchanging gale,
The steadiest fortune blows ;
And passing clouds may veil,
The sun that brightest glows.
Yet, if no heavier tempest they portend,
In calm content our voyage still may end.

To meet with placid brow,
The crosses we must share,
Will half-disarm the blow,
And blunt the shafts of care.
Thus, still unruffled, may life's current glide,
Though chance should waft a straw upon its tide.

ON DARKNESS.



THOUGH darkness, as a veil, obscures the night,
Why should it tinge with gloom the thinking
mind?

Ordained by Him, whose word created light,
And whose implored protection all will find.

Whom would we shun, what is it that we fear?
Though darkness may perception's powers
confine,

Is not the same Almighty Guardian near,
Who bids the sun's meridian splendor shine?

Should that bright orb, its flaming radiance shed,
With ceaseless light, and undiminished heat;
What langor then would sink the aching head,
How listless then, the fervid pulse would beat.

But night, with friendly influence, bestows,
 Kind intermission, both from toil and care ;
 The laboring swain enjoys well-earned repose,
 Misfortune's victim then forgets despair.

'Tis but our frailty that disturbs the brain,
 With fancied terrors in these silent hours,
 As causeless, as if nature should complain
 At the mild mercy of refreshing showers.

Alas ! too anxiously day's busy scene
 Inspires the thirst of pleasure or of gain ;
 This solemn pause may, haply, intervene
 To check the ardor of pursuits so vain.

That every heart may to itself be known,
 From the world's interests, as the world retired ;
 With calm reflection dare to be alone,
 By vice so feared, by virtue so desired.

While round our rest, since " watchmen vainly
 wake,"

" Except the Lord himself the city keep ;"
 No stronger bulwark can we wish or make,
 " For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

And if our empty fears, or weak distrust,
Now doubt his arm invincible to save,
How shall we mingle with departed dust?
How slumber through that awful night—the
grave?

Yet, e'en this "land of shadows," vale of death,
"The righteous enter without fear or ill,";
Assured the God, who watched their transient
breath,
Will be "their staff of strength and comfort
still."

Oh! seek his favor, on his care rely,
No powers of darkness then need spread alarm;
Safe from the arrow that by day may fly,
And undismayed by "night's more secret harm."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO S. M. T.

ON COMPLETING HIS ELEVENTH YEAR.



RECEIVE, dear boy, these lines my love has
penned,

And to their import dutiously attend.

Eleven summers are from time effaced,

Since first my arms thy infant form embraced ;

And, as I clasped thee with a mother's joy,

Felt every transport centred in my boy.

From that soft moment, can my bosom date,

No thought, no wish, but for thy future fate ;

My earliest blessing, and my latest prayer,

For thee were breathed with ever watchful care ;

'Twas my delight to watch thy opening eyes,

That love's caress might lull thy tender cries :

And when severer duties (not less kind)
Instilled instruction's precepts on thy mind,
Still fondness, melting at each little plaint,
Aided the task, or slackened the restraint ;
Sought with endearment to enforce command,
And half suppressed the unwilling reprimand :
Or if the conscious look bespoke a fear,
Affection's ready kiss absorbed the tear.
Thus tenderly a mother's gentle sway,
Guided thy steps to learning's first essay ;
But now, to firmer hands, I must resign
The reigns of discipline, too weak in mine ;
'Thy growing years beyond my labours rise,
Yet still remembrance may my cautions prize.
Where science calls, and wisdom leads the way,
Be prompt to listen, eager to obey ;
Improve the present as a fertile soil,
From whence to reap the harvest of thy toil ;
And prove, that diligence derives its source
From sense of right, and not compulsion's force.
With all thy young competitors agree,
At once their rival, and their brother be ;
Assist the weak, but shun the mean or base,
Lest such involve thee in their own disgrace :

Among the good select thy choicest friends,
 For worthless youth to vicious manhood tends.
 But chief my son, with human learning blend
 That science which ensures a heavenly friend ;
 “Remember thy Creator in thy youth,”
 And draw thy morals from his word of truth ;
 Its just restrictions let thy conduct bind,
 Its duties influence, and direct thy mind
 By virtuous actions to adorn thy name,
 To start at vice, and dread the blush of shame :
 Oh ! mayst thou never wear its guilty glow,
 Nor feel the pangs of self-created woe ;
 On suffering virtue comfort is bestowed,
 No solace lightens guilt’s oppressive load ;
 Since every crime, that stains our early years,
 Embitters age with unavailing tears.
 Yield not thy youthful heart a tempter’s prey,
 Those cannot love thee who would lead astray ;
 Whose specious arts they falsely friendship call,
 Will first delude, then triumph in thy fall.
 Not thus my tenderness I sought to show,
 In “training thee the way that thou shouldst go ;”
 Wouldst thou that care, that tenderness requite,
 Oh ! let me see thee persevere in right ;

By merit, formed in social life to shine,
By goodness, raised to hope a life divine :
So shalt thou bless the remnant of my days,
Thy worth my solace, and my pride thy praise.

THE FEMALE DESERTER.



WHILE the thoughtless, the happy, and gay,
Impatiently murmur at time,
And complain, his light wings brush away,
The blossoms of life in their prime ;
The children of sorrow may grieve,
At a progress so painfully slow,
That it neither suspense will relieve,
Nor a respite from anguish bestow.

'Twas thus, did sad Ellen lament,
What absence condemned her to prove ;
And chid the dull moments that went
Without bringing news of her love :
Unheeded, the flowers might blow,
Round her garden so tended before ;
In the wood the wild strawberry grow,
For Ellen could seek it no more.

'Twas there, with her Henry she strayed,
 With innocent pleasure to hear ;
 While conversing beneath the cool shade,
 His heart would be ever sincere.
 And will it, then, suffer no change,
 She modestly said, with a sigh,
 When far from our vallies you'll range,
 And see many fairer than I ?

He smiled, as he gently reproved,
 The thought she could e'er be forgot ;
 And vowed, that wherever removed,
 Ne'er to part with her true-lover's knot :
 'Twas the ribband, his Ellen had worn,
 When chosen for Queen of the May ;
 Her crook it was tied to adorn,
 And, in sport, he had stole it away.

In simple amusements like these,
 Would Ellen, then, cheerfully share ;
 But no longer such pastimes could please,
 For Henry, no longer was there.
 Each token was now doubly dear,
 Each billet a thousand times read,
 And secret and sad was the tear,
 That o'er each remembrance she shed.

What transport her bosom relieved !

(She fancied all nature looked gay)

When first from his hand she received

An assurance, that, though far away,

His heart should be ever her own,

Affectionate, tender, and true ;

No pleasure, or peace, had he known,

Since he bade his loved Ellen adieu.

He besought her not hopeless to mourn,

As it sharpened each pang he must feel ;

And should duty forbid his return,

He from duty a moment would steal

To visit once more the retreat,

Where Ellen, and happiness dwelt ;

His wishes and vows to repeat,

Though they faintly exprest what he felt.

Ah ! no, she exclaimed, dearest youth,

Thou shalt not thus venture for me ;

Convinced of thy love, and thy truth,

Composed, and contented I'll be.

But content from her bosom was fled,

As from her pale cheek was the rose ;

So the delicate plant droops its head,

When parched is the soil where it grows.

She was anxious her Henry to greet,
Yet dared not indulge the desire ;
But, unwilling, his stay would entreat,
Since duty that stay must require :
Could affection thus coolly indite,
Disappointed, her Henry said,
'Twere less to be banished her sight,
Than to doubt if my love be repaid.

Ah ! Ellen, you know not the heart,
That too late you may cherish in vain.
To-morrow may see me depart,
And, perhaps, we meet never again :
No hazard, no danger I fear,
Where honor commands I'll obey,
But still let me feel myself dear,
And one tender farewell let her say.

At evening he stole from his tent,
With the watch-word the sentinel past.
Toward the village desponding he went,
Where the peasants in slumber were fast
Save Ellen, who pensively watched,
By a taper's last trembling flame,
As the wicket he gently unlatched,
He fancied she uttered his name.

From her bosom a paper she drew ;
 She kissed and replaced it with care ;
 The fold of his letter he knew,
 And his joy was about to declare,
 When suddenly sprung from the trees
 Two ruffians in soldiers' array ;
 On Henry they forcibly seize
 As deserter, and drag him away.

Disconsolate Ellen appalled
 With horror, had witnessed the scene,
 In vain for assistance she called,
 And swiftly pursued o'er the green :
 Half breathless she sunk at their feet,
 And wildly implored his release,
 Or declared that one fate they would meet,
 And together their sorrows should cease.

But sternly they bade her forbear,
 While Henry mournfully cast
 On his Ellen, a look of despair,
 And with agony felt it his last.
 Too soon the sad tidings were spread,
 That Henry attempting to fly,
 To the camp was a prisoner led,
 And condemned for desertion to die.

What tortures did Ellen endure,
 Herself she accused as the cause ;
 His pardon she vowed to procure,
 Or to yield, in his stead, to the laws.
 For this, to the army she sped,
 Disguised in a soldier's array,
 But all hopes of mercy were fled,
 And the morrow was marked as the day.

Each bosom to pity was moved,
 As they sighing repeated the tale ;
 For never was youth so beloved,
 (Could merit with justice avail ;)
 But, alas ! not his virtues could plead,
 Nor the tears of his sorrowing friends ;
 His sentence had doomed him to bleed,
 And his life on a moment depends.

That moment did Ellen appear,
 Her face she had tried to conceal ;
 She knelt, and her heart knew no fear,
 But lest chance her design should reveal ;
 She entreated to hasten the blow,
 It answered her wishes too well ;
 And ere Henry the error could know,
 The signal was dropt, and she fell.

For his fate was her Henry prepared,
But Ellen had caused a delay,
In hopes that his life might be spared,
If her own the dread forfeit should pay.
Sweet maid, thy precaution was vain
Thy heart-broken lover to save ;
Not the pardon you died to obtain,
Could rescue him long from the grave.

For the world had no longer a charm,
That to life could his wish reconcile ;
Nor the sting of affliction disarm,
Or revive his sad heart with a smile.
In battle as foremost he fought,
No laurels he aimed to acquire ;
On his dear martyred Ellen he thought,
And but wished on her tomb to expire.

When wounded and fainting he fell,
'Twas his dying request to be laid,
Where one stone might their history tell,
And by lovers their requiem be paid ;
Tis' there that the villagers meet,
Spring's earliest flowers to strew,
And wish each young couple they greet,
May, like Henry and Ellen, be true.

ADELIZA AND LEONTINE.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

“FLY, Bertram, fly! the tidings bear
“To princely Leontine,
“In breach of oaths, and treaties fair,
“The foe has forced the line.

“Tell him, Sir Wolfran leads his powers,
“Our castle to assail,
“Bold Oswald has disarmed the towers,
“And soon our strength must fail.”

The trusty page, the tidings bore,
Where Leontine encamped;
Whose courage instant vengeance swore—
But love that vengeance damped.

Bold Oswald had a sister fair,
By Leontine adored;
And now, at Adeliza's prayer,
The warrior sheathed his sword.

'Twas by her sire the lovely maid
Had been as hostage sent,
That he, who then in Mercia swayed,
Would succour royal Kent :

Against a lawless plundering band,
Of strangers from afar ;
Who on his fruitful shores would land,
With fierce and sudden war.

But now the invaders were repress,
By British valour brave,
Still the fair hostage was a guest,
Where Kentish banners wave.

And still by many a fond delay,
Protracted her return,
As from the oft-appointed day,
Her shrinking thoughts would turn.

Sir Wolfran was a haughty chief,
With Mercia's King allied ;
And 'twas fair Adeliza's grief,
To be his promised bride.

This hated union fain to shun,
Her mild entreaties strove ;
For Leontine her heart had won,
Endeared by mutual love.

Oft to a holy sisterhood,
Her pensive steps would steal ;
And to the lady of the Rood,
Her love-lorn tale reveal.

No harsh reproof, no look severe,
Her confidence repress ;
The pious matron's kindred tear,
Soft sympathy exprest.

Be comforted, my child, she said,
Thy father may relent ;
His high behest must be obeyed,
His choice meet thy consent.

Too well I know my father's will,
The weeping maid replied ;
How can I his commands fulfil,
To be Sir Wolfran's bride ?

A stern and jealous tyrant he,
And sterile his domain ;
Some doleful tower my tomb will be,
Where tears may flow in vain.

Ambition taught him to aspire
With royalty to wed,
But rather would I here expire,
Than be his captive led.

Go, fearless, smiled her gentle friend,
To meet thy sire's command ;
A stranger shall the rites attend,
When Wolfran claims thy hand.

Young Bertram now the tidings brought,
That Leontine drew nigh ;
Who, for her sake, bold Oswald sought,
With gentle amity.

Then tell my love no more to weep,
(Thus did he bid me say)
And if the Prince his promise keep,
This is thy bridal day.

Alas ! if what thou sayst be true,
 Why doth the trumpet sound,
 And hostile Wolfran yet pursue ?
 I dare not here be found.

Good page, I pray thee, lend thine aid,
 And lend me thy attire ;
 Thy service shall be well repaid
 If hence I can retire.

Thy slender form, and ringlets fair,
 Will favor the disguise ;
 My veil and colours you shall wear,
 And pass as Adelize.

Secure, in habit like a page,
 The joyful maiden fled ;
 While Wolfran, with exulting rage,
 To the feigned damsel said—

“ My claims on thee, perfidious maid,
 “ First hear me disallow ;
 “ My honor and my love betrayed,
 “ Scorn thy reluctant vow.

"I thought thee here by force detained,
 "And fought to set thee free;
 "But perfidy thy soul has stained,
 "And has rejected me.

"But ne'er again shalt thou deceive,
 "To punish now I come;
 "Thus, from this slighted hand receive,
 "Of treachery the doom."

The kneeling youth, with conscious pride,
 His generous bosom bared:
 "Strike," he exclaimed, "and say, I died
 "That Adele' might be spared."

From startled Wolfran's nervous arm,
 Now fell the lifted blade;
 Arrested by a secret charm,
 He eyed the seeming maid.

"And who art thou, so rashly brave,
 "My choler thus to meet?
 "Confess the truth, thy life to save,
 "Or perish at my feet."

“Imperious man!” replied the youth,
“He who thy wrath could meet,
“Would rather, than betray the truth,
“Have perished at thy feet.”

Now mingled shoutings rent the air,
And rushing to the hall,
The prince led in his wedded fair—
On Bertram loud they call.

Who, throwing back the flowing veil
That still concealed his face,
Disclosed at once an honest tale,
With brief and manly grace.

The conscious chieftain's eager gaze,
On every feature hung;
And listening still in wild amaze,
The accents of his tongue,

He clasped his hands, and kneeling cries,
“Dear injured saint forgive,
“I see thy murdered image rise,
“In this our son you live.

“ And thou, brave youth, forgive the wrong,
 “ Thy innocence has bore ;
 “ Thy filial rights, withheld too long,
 “ With transport I’ll restore.

“ Each look revives thy mother’s claim,
 “ And proves thy noble line ;
 “ False jealousy destroyed her fame,
 “ And guilt has tarnished mine.

“ But nobly thou, our house’s heir,
 “ Its honours shall retrieve ;
 “ While I, in penitence and prayer,
 “ For lost Matilda grieve.”

A female form now glided by,
 In sable garments drest ;
 Who mildly, with a deep drawn sigh,
 Sir Wolfran thus addressed.

“ That I am come to hear thee own,
 “ Matilda guiltless fell,
 “ Shall all my sufferings atone,
 “ And sooth our last farewell.

“ Now learn, that when thy erring hand,

“ Had dealt the random blow,

“ Suspicion had unjustly planned

“ To lay its victim low :

“ A faithful slave, in secret, dared

“ Re’ope my closing eyes ;

“ While pompous mockeries prepared,

“ My funeral obsequies.

“ My child, to her protecting care,

“ With anxious charge I gave,

“ Lest he too, should unjustly share

“ A mother’s early grave.

“ Secluded in a cloister’s gloom,

“ Where tranquil duties please,

“ Religion reconciled my doom,

“ In piety and peace.

“ Nor had I left my holy cell,

“ Nor had I met thee here ;

“ But gentle Adelize can tell

“ I promised to appear.

“ Then let my rescue from the tomb,
 “ Calm thy repentant breast”—
He heard no more, but sunk, o’ercome,
 By guilt and shame opprest.

No art his wounded mind could heal,
 But frantic now he raves
Of spectres wan, of murderous steel,
 Dark plots, and yawning graves.

The sad Matilda now deplored,
 Her fatal promise kept ;
And Bertram, though to rank restored,
 With sacred sorrow wept.

But soon the force of hopeless grief,
 On either bosom preyed ;
Matilda, and the hapless chief,
 Within one tomb were laid.

At matin chant and evening prayer,
 To her loved friend’s remains,
Would Adeliza oft repair,
 And join the hallowed strains.

And oft Sir Bertram would she pray
To mix in the resort,
Of gallant knights and ladies gay,
That graced the Prince's court.

For mindful to his kind intent,
Her happiness she owed ;
She doubly mourned the sad event,
From whence his sorrows flowed.

But not till beauteous Emma came,
A maid of royal race,
His drooping heart confest a flame,
That could its langor chase.

Her love he sought, her hand he sued,
Nor did he sue in vain,
With every winning charm endued,
A preference to obtain.

And graciously the Prince did greet,
A kinsman in his friend ;
And many a costly present meet,
To his fair cousin send.

While long remembered was the day,
In which their love was crowned,
For featly sports and revels gay,
And tournaments renowned.

MARY.



WHEN all were lulled, by silent sleep,
And nought was heard—save from the deep
 The foaming billows roared ;
Poor Mary raised a tearful eye,
And heaved to heaven a tender sigh,
 For him her soul adored.

A fearful dream, with sudden start,
Had chilled her anxious beating heart ;
 She thought a furious storm
Her William's gallant vessel dashed,
And to a floating raft was lashed
 His pallid sinking form.

Aloud she shriek'd, and from the beach
In fancy stretched her arms, to reach

And clasp him to her breast.

Not William met the fond embrace,

A smiling infant in his place,

Half wakened Mary prest.

A mother's feelings soothed her mind,

To Providence her soul resigned,

Hope shed a golden gleam ;

Whispered, who did the storm ordain,

Its ruthless fury would restrain,

Nor realize her dream.

Her babe scarce hushed, and wiped her tears,

When fresh alarms renewed her fears ;

The tempest louder grew.

Her cot contained their little all,

And hardly Mary 'scaped its fall,

As, shuddering, thence she flew.

Not far her fainting steps could go,
She sunk to earth in hopeless woe,
And closer clasped her child.
Then trembling, as the surges rolled,
Through vivid lightnings to behold
The desolation wild.

Who, now, she cried, will condescend
To be a wretched orphan's friend,
Or cheer the widowed heart?
My sad forebodings were too true!
Not for myself, sweet babe, but you,
From life I grieve to part.

Soon as the morning's welcome light
Shall close the horrors of the night,
Should we this night survive,
I'll bear thee to Evander's gate,
Where peace and pity ever wait
The mourner to revive.

Benevolence had long endeared
 Evander's name, by all revered,

With every virtue crowned :
 On other hearts he poured relief,
 But for his own corroding grief,
 No consolation found.

His fortunes long had flourished fair,
 And once those fortunes had an heir,

The father's hope and pride :
 But twenty years had passed the day,
 Since from his cradle snatched away,
 'Twas feared the boy had died.

Else had some chance, though long concealed,
 The fatal mystery revealed,

Which none could understand.
 But secretly their curses fell,
 On one Evander loved too well,
 His name with guilt to brand.

A faithless friend, whose sordid soul,
No ties of goodness could control,
 Had marked the blooming boy :
To him Evander oft had said,
My wealth, if I should never wed,
 Your children shall enjoy.

With gloomy envy's smothered flame,
The villain saw Evander's name
 Transmitted to a son ;
And meditated how to wrest
The wished for riches he possessed,
 And make them all his own.

Thus, avarice prompted to a deed,
That doomed a worthy heart to bleed,
 Yet its own purpose crushed ;
Not long he lived, but lived to see,
That guilt involves in misery,
 And proves that heaven is just.

For all he might have once enjoyed,
By some misfortune was destroyed;
Of health and peace bereft,
He perished, victim to despair,
And to an humble peasant's care
His infant daughter left.

'Twas Mary, and the lovely maid,
By time matured, those cares repaid,
Which had her childhood reared.
Young William, their adopted son,
Her earliest affections won,
And love the cottage cheered.

But, ah! how chequered human life,
For scarcely Mary was a wife,
Ere William left her side;
His duty on the ocean far,
Detained him midst the chance of war—
Meantime his parents died.

A spoiler seized the neat domain,
Where harmony was wont to reign,
Which Mary now must leave :
Her frugal stock and babe she bore,
To a small cottage near the shore,
By turns to work and grieve.

But hence again by sorrow driven,
In hopes assistance might be given,
She to Evander came :
How did his feeling bosom melt,
When, as an outcast, Mary knelt,
And spoke her father's name.

That fatal name, once so beloved,
His soul with strong emotions moved,
He faltered, gazed, and wept ;
Thus, heaven he cried, asserts the cause
Of its own violated laws,
Though human justice slept.

Yet not on thy defenceless head,
Shall vengeance toward the guilty dead,
Retaliate his offence :
Thou, and thy infant, here shall live,
For though I feel, I can forgive,
And shelter innocence.

Thus did desponding Mary share,
Her injured patron's generous care ;
Yet all her thoughts were bent,
On William loved, on William lost,
The fearful dream her memory crost,
Uncertain of the event.

With good Evander would she walk,
While mutual friendship soothed their talk,
Along the shelly strand.
One eve they watched the rising tide,
And in the offing far descried,
A boat that made to land.

With anxious tremor Mary stood,
Observed it skim the whitening flood
 With light and rapid force ;
Nearer and nearer now 'twas rowed,
What rapture in her bosom glowed,
 'Twas William steered its course.

While tears of love and gratitude,
Their mutual tenderness renewed,
 Each in the other blest :
Mary her luckless story told,
And William hastened to unfold
 The secret of his breast.

Long hast thou wept my dubious fate,
And cheerful shared the humble state
 Of labor's frugal board ;
But rank and affluence shall at last
Repay the trials of the past,
 By fortune's hand restored.

For dark and strange the hints I've heard,
Yet caught the incoherent word,
 From dying lips it fell,
That I of noble lineage born,
 From home in infancy was torn,
And sent with hinds to dwell.

I would have questioned, but in vain,
For more he lived not to explain ;
 From his chill hand he drew
This ring, with curious cyphers twined,
And gave it with a look that signed
 The sad confession true.

Struck with contending hopes and fears,
Evander scarce restrained his tear
 While listening the detail ;
With eager joy he siezed the ring,
Which opening to a secret spring,
 Confirmed the doubtful tale.

He would have spoke, but utterance failed,
 By nature's tenderest force assailed,
 He faints in William's arms ;
 At length, by their assiduous care,
 Revived to bless the kneeling pair,
 He soothed her fond alarms.

Nay, cease to weep, in me behold,
 Thy father now with grief grown old,
 Though young again in thee :
 That ring the mystery explains,
 It thy first little curl contains,
 Secreted there by me.

Come then my children to my heart,
 Nor William thou but Ermand art,
 And Mary too is mine ;
 Her tender care, her gentle love,
 Shall still my happiness improve,
 And sweeten life's decline.

Together have we both deplored,
In thee, dear youth, her bosom's lord,

But, ah ! I little knew
That when in pity I forgave,
An enemy his child to save,
My own I fostered too.

ON LOSS OF SLEEP.



WHILE happier votaries hail the rising day,
Each his suspended purpose to renew,
The wounded mind, but sighs and turns away,
Deaf to the call and sated with the view.

Unheeded may the radiant blush of morn,
Paint the fresh mead, or gild the gaudy pile ;
It ne'er can blunt reflection's poignant thorn,
Nor o'er the grief-blanch'd cheek revive a
smile.

In all that pleasure's gayest aspect wears,
The mourner's eye discerns but sorrow's mien ;
Dejected, seeks the sad relief of tears,
Till pitying slumbers close the irksome scene.

By Heaven, indulgent, was that blessing lent,
To sooth the sorrows man was born to feel ;
Bestowed with kind and merciful intent,
To soften woes which fate could not repeal.

Its balmy influence, with benign control,
Reanimates life's half exhausted flame,
When wasted by the sickness of the soul,
It scarcely vivifies the languid frame.

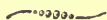
Less precious far the sparkling diamond's glow,
That beams full oft upon an aching breast ;
Adorned with all that fortune can bestow,
Save the lost treasure of untroubled rest.

Yet little dear is the unvalued boon,
To hearts who think not on the giver's hand ;
Nor once reflect, they may regret too soon
A gift, nor wealth, nor grandeur, can command.

May its soft solace yet return again,
And grant its blessings to each sufferer's prayer ;
Defend with guardian watch the couch of pain,
And wreath its poppies round the brow of care !

ON

OBSERVING BEES AT WORK.



WHENE'ER the Bee from forth her cell,
In quest of honey flies,
She seeks each silken floweret's bell,
Where the sweet nectar lies.

And if perchance no flower be nigh,
Disdains in vain to roam ;
The meanest weed affords supply,
For store to carry home.

This emblem might a lesson teach,
Which none should scorn to know,
That every moment in our reach,
Some profit might bestow.

If flowers of virtue round us rise,
They teach what should be done ;
While the obnoxious weeds of vice
Direct us what to shun.

Folly, no rose (such is its curse)
Without a thorn bestows ;
But wisdom can the doom reverse,
And give each thorn a rose.

Ah ! who then unimproved would waste
Moments, those gifts of heaven,
So choice !—we must resign the last,
Before the next be given.

Or, who, in pleasure's mazes try,
Time's certain step to lose,
Vainly pursuing what must fly,
And flying what pursues ?

Deluded mortals ! cease the strife,
Improve the short-lived hours ;
Nor let a puny insect's life
Be a reproach on yours.

ON THE
FALSE ALARM OF AN INVASION,



August 15, 1805.



WHEN' rumor spread alarm through every heart,
And spoke invasion's dreaded moment near,
By valour roused to act a Briton's part,
Each citizen became a volunteer.

Each, from some kindred bosom torn away,
Domestic sweets or useful toil resigned ;
The calls of loyal duty to obey,
And calm the tumult of the public mind.

Let gratitude their gallant warmth record,
So prompt e'en when ideal terrors frowned :
And should necessity unsheath the sword,
Be on their side " The God of armies " found.

To whom, when Israel's King preferred his prayer,
 (Insulted by an impious tyrant's boast,)
 It pleased the Lord his "chosen race" to spare,
 And hurl destruction on the adverse host.

Is his "hand shortened" that he cannot save,
 If, in like dangers, we invoke his name,
 To shield the helpless, and to nerve the brave,
 Against the threats of usurpation's claim?

Where'er its lawless fury has appeared,
 What horrors have its wretched victims known!
 By ruffian hands rebellion's standard reared,
 Defiled the altar, and disgraced the throne.

Still would its rage the blood-stained path pursue,
 Our social rights, our fruitful shores invade;
 Our freedom to a despot's will subdue,
 With cruel triumph o'er the wreck it made.

In such a cause, can we too firmly join
 The soldier's courage, with the patriot's zeal—
 Too fervently implore the aid divine,
 Lest such calamities our land should feel?

By all that raised our great forefather's fame—

By all the ties that nature holds most dear—

True to ourselves, and liberty our aim,

Should we not spurn a foreign yoke to wear ?

Yet, while with noble ardor we repress

Unjust ambition's desolating course,

Tis from on high we must entreat success,

To crown our hopes and animate our force.

Then, as of old, if heaven deign to hear,

And for our country's safety interpose,

No tyrant's menaces we need to fear,

Nor the embattled legions of our foes.

A PARAPHRASE.

“ My father, if the Prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it ? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, wash, and be clean ? ”—2 KINGS, 5, v. 13.

THIS admonition touched an alien's heart,
 Stranger to Israel's God, his people's foe,
 Subdued the pride that urged him to depart,
 And Jordan's promised miracle forego.

Convinced, he plunged into the healing flood,
 Thence rose, with “ flesh renewed ” and health
 restored ;
 Again before the slighted prophet stood,
 And owned the power he gratefully adored.

He found no river that in Syria flowed,
 Which human reason might superior deem,
 With such divine beneficence endowed,
 At this rejected, health-restoring stream.

Yet not its sacred water's self could give
Ablution to one taint that lurks within ;
A richer current flowed to bid us live,
And cleanse the deeper leprosy of sin.

“ Wash, and be clean,” is still his heavenly call,
Address in mercy to the most impure ;
Its gracious import still extends to all
Who seek, like humbled Naaman, a cure.

“ Wash, and be clean,” nor undecided wait,
Nor only for the final hour prepare,
When e'en repentance may be sought too late,
Or feebly wing the ineffectual prayer.

But with the Syrian's confidence apply,
Where far more hallowed streams shall cleanse
each stain,
Which there alone can lose its “ crimson dye,”
And peace ensure, and purity obtain.

THE POET AND HIS COUCH.

A POET, to divert his mind,
As idly on his couch reclined,
For want of theme to crown his verse,
Resolved its praises to rehearse :
But every bright idea fled,
And thinking nothing could be said
Worthy his talents or his muse,
A higher subject wished to chuse.
When thus, methought, in fancy's ear,
The injured couch he seemed to hear,
Complaining of his disregard—
“Can services meet such reward,
“To me, (should health thy brow forsake,)
“Thy cheek turn pale, thy temples ache ;
“To me, should care invade thy breast,
“Thou'dst fly for refuge and for rest.

“ How oft, when others seek in vain
“ To calm a grief, or sooth a pain,
“ Unasked assistance do I lend,
“ Thy sure, thy, sometimes, only friend :
“ And canst thou scorn my worth to praise ?
“ Will gratitude debase thy lays ?
“ Is it my recompence to learn,
“ No kindness should expect return ?
“ Like other friends, when needed not,
“ To droop, neglected, or forgot.”

THE REMEMBRANCE.



IN the bower that my Henry has left,
Eliza still hears his adieu ;
For though of his presence bereft,
Still fancy recalls him to view.

Still fancy retraces each scene,
Where fondly we plighted our love ;
Should a doubt or a fear intervene,
Recollection that doubt would remove.

For can I remember the smile,
That endeared and impressed the soft vow,
And think it designed to beguile
The heart I was proud to bestow ?

Why should I my feelings disown,
From Eliza to Henry so due ?
Oh ! had she the gift of a throne,
She would sigh till she shared it with you.

My harp on the willow I'll place,
My song shall no longer be gay ;
Our loved evening walks I'll retrace,
And my muse shall illumine the way.

She shall teach me thy absence to mourn,
In numbers both pensive and sweet—
Shall invoke my heart's lord to return,
And bless the glad hour that we meet.

While thus in thy absence I strive,
The blossoms of hope to improve ;
Ah ! hasten dear youth to revive,
By thy presence, the blossoms of love.

Affection shall heighten each charm,
And tenderness soften each care ;
No fears shall my bosom alarm,
When thou, my beloved, art near.

Till then, every bird on the spray,
Shall cease its love-carol to sing :
And Eliza, as pensive as they,
Forget all the sweets of the spring.

RAYMOND AND EDA.

A TALE OF YORE.

WHILOM bards, in ancient story,
Sung of many a Baron bold ;
But that love can rival glory,
Thus was by a minstrel told :

Raymond, in his lineage traced
Ancestry of noblest name ;
Knights, for worth and valor, placed
Foremost on the list of fame.

Eager he, that fame to share,
None with him in arms could vie ;
None in manly grace compare,
With this palm of chivalry.

Dear he prized one peerless maid,
Rich in all, save treasured ore ;
She, like lillies of the shade,
Unadorned, attracted more.

Many a youth her love had sought,
Many a suit had she denied ;
Indulging still the tender thought,
Herself to be young Raymond's bride.

Frequent rose the pensive sigh,
Keen the pang her bosom tore,
Lest her Raymond's blood should dye
Palestine's embattled shore.

For his plighted vows were sworn,
Ere by martial ardor led,
Where the christian banners borne,
Infidels before them fled.

When with news of high import,
Messengers arrived to say,
How the pride of Britain's court
Had atchieved the well-fought day.

Eda, in her humble vale,
Caught the pleasing sounds of joy ;
Which Earl Conrad's fraudulent tale
Checkt with bitterest alloy.

She his haughty soul had charmed,
Love's soft homage oft he paid :
Dark revenge his breast now armed,
Slighted by the lovely maid.

Long rejected with disdain,
Jealousy its venom shed,
And inspired the thought to feign
Raymond numbered with the dead.

Vain was friendship's soothing balm,
Grief had deep infix'd its sting ;
Hope, which other cares can calm,
Could to her's no solace bring.

Faded was that blooming cheek,
Clouded was that sprightly brow,
When her Lord returned to seek,
And fulfil his promised vow.

Faintly smiling through her tears,
 As he clasped her to his breast ;
 Eda's heart dismiss its fears,
 And their painful cause confest.

Raymond vowed at rising morn
 To obey blythe hymen's call :
 Then from love a moment torn,
 Conrad by his sword should fall.

But the Earl, with guilty dread,
 Shrunk before his noble foe ;
 And with ruffian purpose fled
 To devise him deeper woe.

Well each rural path he knew,
 Which did to her dwelling guide,
 Near it he in ambush drew,
 Thence to lure the destined bride.

Early in the twilight grey,
 Feigning all a lover's haste,
 He a billet sent to pray
 Nought the precious time might waste.

"Let the milk-white palfrey bear
 "Eda to my castle gates ;
 "Vested priests the rites prepare,
 "Raymond with impatience waits."

Artless as the tender dove,
 Eda hasted to comply ;
 When, in accents framed to move,
 A lone pilgrim claimed her sigh.

"Gentle damsel, deign to tell,
 "Knowst thou ought of Eda's fame ;
 "If she live, or where she dwell,
 " 'Tis in search of her I came ?

"By a saintly hermit told,
 "Could I but that maiden find,
 "Once again these arms might fold
 "All this aching heart resigned.

"When by ruthless fate's decree,
 "Severed were its softest ties ;
 "And the sun of hope, to me,
 "Set in dark calamities."

Such a mystery to unfold,
 Turned her from the dangerous road ;
Yet she dared no converse hold
 Till re-entered her abode.

Fearfully the pious dame,
 Who fair Eda's youth had bred,
As they to the cottage came,
 Saw her by a pilgrim led.

Dutious to her sacred trust,
 She assumed maternal care ;
To conceal from power unjust,
 Her loved charge, and master's heir.

Nor had ought her lips revealed,
 That might pierce conjecture's gloom ;
Yet she wished the spell repealed,
 Woven in misfortune's loom.

'Twas for this in wild amaze,
 She with grateful rapture knelt ;
When the pilgrim's nearer gaze,
 Wistful, on her features dwelt.

“Does then noble Julien live ?

“Heaven she cried, rewards my prayer ;

“Now shall this fair plant revive,

“And a father’s blessing share.”

Speechless transport thrilled his heart,

Thus his long-sought child to trace ;

Looks, her rising joy impart,

As she sprang to his embrace.

Tears, oppressive joy relieved,

Ere the chieftain could relate,

How by adverse chance bereaved,

He had mourned the turns of fate.

To his daughter’s anxious ear,

Thus at length he silence broke ;

She with fond and filial fear

Gazed attentive as he spoke.

“Branch of Royal Offa’s line,

“None could prouder titles boast !

“Ere to fated Palestine,

“I led forth my gallant host.

“ Victim, to that baleful clime,
 (Source of sorrow and disgrace)
 “ Blighted in her glowing prime,
 “ Sunk the rose of female grace !

“ Thee, my child, this matron sped,
 “ Far from its malignant power ;
 “ Lest the blossom too should shed
 “ Its sweetness, like the parent flower.

“ Leader of a martial band,
 “ Honor’s call imposed my stay ;
 “ Stay, in that disputed land,
 “ Till of Saracens the prey.

“ Yet in fancy’s soothing dream,
 “ Hope, thy sheltered charms pourtrayed,
 “ In prosperous fortune’s cheering beam,
 “ And the pride of birth arrayed.

“ Doubly had I spurned my chain,
 “ Could this anxious heart have known,
 “ Its insulted honor’s stain,
 “ Had on thee his influence shewn.

"But revenge shall dip its lance
 " In the gall of mortal strife ;
 " With my foe I'll risk the chance,
 " Or resign inglorious life."

Better else, my faded name,
 Had enjoyed oblivion's rest,
 Than revived to yield a claim
 By my warlike sires possess.

Terror struck, the gentle maid,
 Kneeling, clasped her father's hand,
 Wilt thou then, she weeping said,
 My first, my only suit, withstand ?

" Scarcely one auspicious hour
 " Am I blest in nature's ties ;
 " Far before the wealthiest dower
 " Does my heart that blessing prize.

" Listen to a daughter's fear,
 " Justice may assert thy right ;
 " But risque not a life so dear,
 " To the chance of dubious fight.

“Simple girl, the Baron cried,
“I thy tenderness forgive ;
“But ask not my wounded pride
“To let treacherous Conrad live.

“Ample was the rich domain,
“Erst submissive to my sway ;
“Now estranged, my vassal train
“That usurper’s nod obey.

“While yet indignation glows,
“They shall know their injured Lord ;
“Vainly else, my foreign foes,
“Felt the force of Raymond’s sword.

“When he marched with laurelled brow,
“To secure our victory ;
“Life and liberty bestow,
“And each captive christian free.

“Then entranced in ardent thought,
“Scarce I tarried to prepare ;
“Thee and Albion’s Isle I sought,
“But for bliss I met despair.

“None the once-famed Julien knew,
“Spurned from my castle gate,
“Such the veil affliction threw,
“O’er the wreck of fallen state.”

As he spoke, emotion dyed
Varying tints on Eda’s cheek ;
But timidity denied,
She her secret love should speak.

Suddenly the village peal,
Ushered in the jocund day,
Marked by Raymond’s heart to feel
Love’s reward and hymen’s sway.

Soon appeared the festive train,
Bearing many a garland dight ;
Breathing music’s liveliest strain,
Next advanced the youthful Knight.

Him the wondering Baron greets,
But still clad in pilgrim’s guise ;
Of his love as weakness treats,
Fit for heroes to despise.

Though delight and gratitude,
 Secretly his soul inspired,
 While his brave deliverer sued,
 For the sanction now required.

Hear me (said the youth) attest
 Ere she had a parent found ;
 Mutual passion warmed each breast,
 Eda was to Raymond bound.

“ Let me but this boon obtain,
 “ Pomp I gladly can resign ;
 “ Live a simple village swain,
 “ Were but beauteous Eda mine.

“ Or if titles, rank, and state,
 “ Can a happier lot bestow,
 “ Grandeur shall around her wait,
 “ Worthy e’en a regal brow.”

Yet his constancy to try,
 Julien with dissembled grief ;
 Feigned, he dared not now comply,
 She was promised to a chief.

One whom more than life I owe,
Brave in arms, as bright in deeds;
Nor may she her hand bestow,
Till the false Earl Conrad bleeds.

Can his death secure the prize?
Raymond eagerly replied,
Low in dust the traitor lies,
By this arm in combat tried.

Warned by an offended slave,
Who, from his oppression fled;
I thy daughter flew to save,
Ere by his designs misled.

Pleasure flushed the Baron's cheek,
Fire sparkled in his eye;
He exclaimed, then thus you break
Twice my bonds of slavery!

Dearest youth, behold in me,
Of his lands the rightful lord;
Wrested, while beyond the sea,
Britain's glory claimed my sword.

Conrad distantly allied,
Dared to seize them for his own ;
While my child was doomed to bide,
In these lonely shades unknown.

And since thou couldst deign to prize
Virtue in its simplest dress ;
May each blessing round thee rise,
Love can give, or earth possess.

Then aside his borrowed weeds,
The exulting Baron drew ;
Joy to Raymond's doubt succeeds,
He the ransomed warrior knew.

Then approached with modest grace,
(At her father's ready call)
Eda, all his fears to chace,
And his brightest hopes recal.

To his hand the Baron joined
Hers, with fervent blessings prest,
While each tender bliss refined,
Soothed their long tried hearts to rest.

Soon the welcome tidings spread,
Fair they flourished, good, as great ;
Virtue's radiance round them shed
Lustre to the latest date.

ADDRESS TO WINTER.



ADIEU, ye glowing tints of autumn's sky,
Ye balmy odors of a summer's morn ;
No more your charms delight the musing eye,
All nature droops, chill, dreary, and forlorn.

The falling snow now scattering o'er the plains,
Congealed by frost, delays the peasant's toil ;
Till milder airs, and fertilizing rains,
Release and animate the yielding soil.

The feathered race the frigid influence own,
The emigrating tribes are on the wing ;
To distant realms instinctively are flown,
Till nature calls them to proclaim gay spring.

The lark no more attunes his matin note
O'er verdant meads, to chant the new-born day ;
No pleasing songster swells his little throat,
Save the poor red-breast twittering on the spray.

Stern winter now diffuses gloom around—

Hark! the wind whistles through the leafless
trees;

Yet hardy sportsmen shrink not from the sound,
And winter's rigor still has power to please.

They fear nor dangers, nor inclement skies,
When the enlivening horn to mirth awakes:
And the intrepid skaiter nimbly flies
O'er the smooth surface of the frozen lakes.

While thus the gay, with health and affluence blest,
Share the blithe pleasures of the jocund fields;
'Tis not to hearts by age or want opprest,
That winter's dreary season comfort yields.

Forget not ye, who power and wealth possess,
The many to fell poverty a prey;
With liberal hand now soften their distress,
And heaven itself shall charity repay.

THOUGHTS
 IN A
 FAVORITE ARBOUR,
 ON HEARING THE BELLS ON A SUNDAY MORNING.



HARK ! 'tis the sacred sound of village chime,
 Borne on the balmy breeze of early morn,
 To court the pious mind to fervent prayer.
 Oh ! then, my soul, obey the holy call,
 Nor longer dwell on nature's lovely works,
 Though perfect all around ; but lift thy mental eye
 Through nature's wonderous works "to nature's
 God :"

"Extol Him first, Him last, and without end."

Sweet is the summons to the christian's ear—
 Consoling thought ! that our imperfect strains,
 Weak as they are, can reach the throne of Grace,
 Where mercy her triumphant reign extends !

'Tis there the contrite heart dares hope forgiveness.
 Then let me quit this tranquil roseate bower,
 Whose fragrant sweets, enchanting as they are,
 Must perish at stern winter's frigid blast ;
 For when the howling tempest sweeps the plains—
 Dismantles, and bends low the forest's pride—
 How will their tender stems endure the storm,
 That wave e'en with the gently fanning breeze ?

But mark creative power's indulgent aid !
 How she adjusts, with mildly fostering care,
 The varying seasons as they roll around !
 For ere dread winter's icy reign destroys
 The tender plant, the odoriferous shrub,
 Nature, with her all-wise protecting hand,
 Closes the blooming tribes with autumn's reign.

If thus love universal sheds around,
 O'er nature's lower works, maternal care,
 Shall favored man despair of His protection,
 Who tempers e'en the " Wind to the shorn lamb,"
 And " Clothes the lillies though they toil nor spin ?"

ON A

YOUTH WHO DIED OF A DECLINE.

~~~~~

NO aged sufferer rests beneath this sod,  
 Whose grief-oppressive chain, too long endured,  
 Was broke at last in mercy to his prayer.  
 Its fatal weight was destined here to crush  
 The glowing prime of one, whose youthful brow  
 Seemed crowned with all the freshest bloom of  
     health.

Whose sprightly vigor's animated force,  
 Opposed apparent strength to death's assault.  
 Unthought of was its early failure's proof—  
 How vulnerable every human shield  
 When touched by the "insatiate archer's shaft,"  
 Once barbed with fell commission to destroy.  
 Such was its awful embassy to him,  
 Whose life-springs wasted at the dread command.  
 Consumed by fever's undermining flame,  
 A hectic glow, with treacherous beauty, spread

That cheek the ruddy flush of health forsook ;  
 False lustre gleamed in those once sparkling eyes  
 The filmy glaze of death prepared to veil,  
 (As parting suns in brighter radiance set ;)  
 Withered to infant weakness ere it fell,  
 Was the fair form late strong in manly grace,  
 Compelled to yield by slow yet sure defeat.

'Twas heaven's decree the contest thus should  
     close,  
 And finite reason must in silence bow ;  
 Yet, not at apathy's obdurate shrine,  
 Does true devotion bid her votaries kneel ;  
 Callous we cannot be, resigned we may.  
 The christian's best oblation is a heart  
 That loves, believes, and therefore can submit.

The tender parent, and the sorrowing friends,  
 Who met in anguish round his early bier,  
 To sacrifice, alas ! so dear a hope,  
 Restored him to a wise Creator's hand,  
 Whose power, though earthly consolations fail,  
 Can to the tortured feelings speak a calm,

And bid affliction's wave no nearer flow.  
 For he, with like complacence, can look down  
 On those in state of trial suffering now,  
 As on the just already purified ;  
 Who, in immortal happiness shall join,  
 The "followers of their faith and patience" here,  
 In one blest bond no "second death" can break.

Weep, then, with tears of nature, not despair,  
 Ye, who have felt the agonizing pang,  
 O'er such a grave, to sigh a last farewell,  
 And seen it close upon a dearer self.  
 Think, though detained to finish life's sad task  
 Without the sweet companion wont to share  
 Its various burdens lightened by his smile,  
 The gracious God who gave, and thus recalled,  
 (For purpose wisest though from ye concealed)  
 This now lamented Isaac of your souls,  
 Withheld not even from the cross his own,  
 That we, through him, might triumph over death ;  
 Might live to prove death's victory incomplete,  
 When from the tomb our liberated dust  
 Shall glorious rise beyond corruption's power.

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

OFT as the waning moments fade,  
Till lost in evening's gloom,  
Thy sparkling rays with welcome aid,  
Their brilliant glow resume.

As thus thy less resplendent beam  
Awaits the sun's decline,  
To shed a salutary gleam,  
And for the wanderer shine.

The constant heart affection warms,  
Seeks not a vain display ;  
Nor with prosperity's bright charms  
To blend her timid ray.

'Tis for affliction's darkened hour,  
When pleasure's day shall close ;  
True tenderness reserves her power,  
To sooth and share our woes.

## ON A SEAL.

---

*DEVICE, DOVE AND OLIVE BRANCH.*

---

SYMBOL of union, amity, and peace !

Beneath thy wing let love's soft breathings rest,  
Till one fair hand shall from thy charge release,  
And hail thee as her bosom's welcome guest.

Perchance she chid thee for unkind delay,  
She chid, while tenderness her feelings spoke,  
Ere the confided billet to display  
A lover's haste, thy brittle fetter broke.

There bid her read, my still unaltered heart,  
Though by the lapse of separation tried,  
Can never from her dear impression part,  
Nor with a varied choice that heart divide.



And as or playful fancy would indite,  
Or graver converse reason would unfold,  
To her I speed thy love commissioned flight,  
May she rejoice thy “olive” to behold.

Receive and prize thee as a pledge sincere,  
A faithful pledge that love will e’er increase ;  
Till mutual pleasure shall the hour endear,  
(Ah ! happy hour) thy services shall cease,

## THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.



THE shepherd who graved on the rind  
Of a sapling, the name he adored,  
When he sought it, lamented to find,  
That time had effaced the dear word.

Oh ! since the loved cause of my sighs  
First imprinted her name on my breast,  
To forget it fond memory denies,  
And by time 'tis the deeper imprest.

Yet why should it longer remain,  
Since Daphne, as faithless as fair,  
Has smiled on a happier swain,  
And confirmed me a slave to despair ?

When I saw her all maidens excel,  
Was it folly to think her divine ?  
Ah ! no, what I suffer may tell,  
The folly was thinking her mine.

## TO INDIFFERENCE.



HAIL! mild indifference, nymph of placid mien,  
     For thee no altars blaze ;  
 Yet many a smiling votary I ween,  
     Will carol forth thy praise.

Since grief alone awaits on those who love,  
     As thorns surround the rose,  
 Perchance, to warn the stranger ne'er to prove  
     Its blessings or its woes.

As fades the rose, the fleeting hours glide,  
     When love and joy are nigh ;  
 In absence only will the thorns abide,  
     To urge the frequent sigh.

But can a heart, once moved by love's soft sway,  
     Resign the blessing lent ;  
 Or can the thorn, upon the roseate spray,  
     Impair the blossomed scent ?

A MINISTER'S

“UNINTENTIONAL OMISSION.”

---

*A NEW BALLAD.*

---

AT a certain great house,  
 Where a premier of course,  
 Sat taxing each sex and condition,  
 In spite of contrivance,  
 He found in his finance  
 A quite “unintended omission.”

Toll de roll.

Your pardon, quoth he,  
 'Tis granted, said we,  
 And for once you'll meet no opposition;  
 For if poor horses backs  
 Must bear double tax,  
 Be assured we'd prefer the “omission.”

And since you discourage  
Fresh salt to our porridge,  
By taxes that need no addition,  
Each housewife must wish  
To season her dish,  
Under favor of such an "omission."

But if in default  
Of mere common salt,  
The attic comes in requisition,  
Let the wits of the day  
Their talents display,  
And beg to encore the "omission."

Yet, while on our letters,  
To friends, fair, or betters,  
On business, on love, or petitions,  
The charge so immense is,  
It doubles expences,  
I fear for too many "omissions."

Thus as when we are living,  
 We always are giving,  
 Or with or without our permission ;  
 At least let the grave  
 Some benefit have,  
 And the legacy tax an “ omission.”

Still it seems you contrive  
 That some folks should thrive,  
 Though others lose all acquisition,  
 For the duties on wine  
 You'll never resign,  
 Which the public may think an “ omission.”

Now let not my story,  
 By whig, or by tory,  
 Be scanned with unjust disquisition ;  
 But every true Briton,  
 Its right meaning hit on,  
 Nor of loyalty call it “ omission.”

And should Bonaparte  
For old England start,  
May his myrmidons ne'er find admission,  
Where freedom can sing,  
Here's "God save the King,"  
And his subjects without one "omission."  
Toll de roll.

## EPIGRAM.

---

ON COPYING THE PATTERN OF A LADY'S WORK.

---

ARACHNE presumed with Minerva to vie,  
But the Goddess enraged at the slattern,  
Condemned her in future, vile cobwebs to tie,  
For daring to copy her pattern.

Then what metamorphose have I to expect—  
Ah! rather to pity incline,  
For where's the example that free from defect,  
Unless 'tis a transcript of thine.



## TO A YOUNG LADY,

*READING THE DESERTED VILLAGE.*

FAIR Auburn graced with each endearing charm  
That could the heart allure, the bosom warm,  
May seem an apt comparison, sweet maid,  
Of thee, in native loveliness arrayed,  
“ Yet nought could the devoted village save,  
“ It bloomed at once a garden and a grave :”  
A happier fate thy charms ensure to thee,  
For thou, like it, canst ne’er deserted be.

## THE CHAPTER OF INNS;

OR

*BONAPARTE'S RECEPTION AT DONCASTER.*

SHOULD the Corsican tyrant his crochet pursue,  
 The boasted invasion his highness may rue ;  
 For our broadsides his vessels will pretty well  
                   clear,

And on land he'd be met by each brave volunteer.

Derry down.

But, for argument sake, let us travel no faster,  
 Than suppose him arrived at the town of  
                   Doncaster ;

Where, if he should halt, at each sign in rotation,  
 He'd probably meet but with one SALUTATION.

'The ANGEL would frown such a fiend to behold ;  
 Nay e'en the GOOD WOMAN would certainly  
       scold ;

The BLACK BULL invite him to share a good  
       baiting,

And the MERRY SMITHS laugh at his outlandish  
       prating.

With HAMMER AND ANVIL his fetters they'd forge,  
 And the DRAGON to fight him forsake gay St.

      GEORGE ;

While, like a sharp shooter, the DRAGON IN  
       GREEN,

A good aim might level before he was seen.

Our BLUE BELL he'd find was of metal the best ;

Our DOLPHIN a morsel, but hard to digest ;

Our WOOLPACK to clothe him shall never be  
       spun ;

Nor our BACCHUS afford him a taste of his tun.

COACH AND HORSES to drive him, he could not  
trepan,

Nor, as CHAIR to repose in, engage the SEDAN ;  
Not e'en the OLD WAGGON would take him a  
stage,

Nor the little BLACK BOY deign to serve him as  
page.

Our GROOM to receive him would be in no hurry,  
But rather a RACER, than his favor curry ;  
The BULL's HEAD would roar, the WHITE BEAR  
at him growl,

And the THREE LEGS prefer to support a joint  
stool.

Our WHITE and BAY HORSES, no matter their  
kind,

A certain old proverb brings pat to my mind,  
Forsooth for an Emperor not very civil,

"Set a beggar on horseback he'll ride to the  
devil."

Our FALCON, right English, would proudly  
disdain

To stoop at his lure or be held in his chain ;

Our SWANS, WHITE or BLACK, would exert their  
last note,

If dying themselves, his own death could promote.

Our LEOPARD and ELEPHANT, WHITE HART and  
RAM,

Would shew him their tameness was only a sham ;

For among all our signs we have no sign of  
fear,

From the LION so bold, to the gentle REIN DEER .

Nor would he perhaps better relish the joke,

Of a cudgel prepared from our stout ROYAL  
OAK ;

Which long ere he made a display of his power,

Might forcibly hint that our GRAPES were but  
sour.

Of all our FOUR SHOES none his measure would  
 fit,  
 But the good BRANDY BOTTLE his palate might  
 hit ;  
 Or the full flowing TANKARD, if foolhardy  
 grown,  
 He ventured to thirst for the MITRE or CROWN.

The OLD GEORGE to Britons will ever be dear,  
 And his HEAD we'll defend, while his heart we  
 revere ;  
 Our ARMS in the cause from which liberty springs,  
 Will unite, whether ROCKINGHAM's, MASON's, or  
 KING's.

Good luck speed the PLOUGH, and its labors  
 pursue ;  
 May the ROSE in our CROWN ever blossom anew,  
 Our Sovereign maintain it long spared from the  
 URN,  
 And his lineal descendants succeed in their turn.

Though “last yet not least” in renown shall  
appear,

England’s glory, the sign of the bold VOLUNTEER ;  
Who, like gallant NELSON, will conquer or fall  
In defence of Old England, John Bull’s GOLDEN  
BALL.

Now God save the King, and long prosper the  
Realm,

May victory preside o’er the flag and the helm ;  
And ere on our shores the usurper can fix,  
May his ANCHOR be cast on the shores of the Styx.  
Derry down.

FINIS.





Printed by W. Sheardown,  
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